

January 18-1919

My Sweetheart:-

The time certainly is flying in spite of the way the days seem to drag. It is nearly February now and will be Spring almost before we know it. There seems to be no doubt that we will see Spring in the Rhine valley. I am expecting it and I assure you it is a prospect which pleases me not at all.

I will soon be working out my pay voucher for the month of January and it will then be just one year since I began to collect foreign service pay. It has been a long time hasn't it sweet heart, and a hard one too? I am almost tempted to let you use any pull you can to get me home, but then again it seems unfair to the others who have none and it is always doubtful whether it will do any good. I think it is wiser and better to wait till the turn of the wheel decides for me and I am finally released from a service which, now that its object is settled, is very distasteful to me.

I got two letters from you yesterday dear, and they were so sweet. There was no particular news in there but they were full

of love, and that is always better than news.

I hope dearest that you had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It is rather a difficulty under the circumstances for either of us to have any pleasure in life but there is the anticipation of the future, and that I know, holds for us both, the greatest pleasure we have ever experienced. That is over one means of consolation, and all we need from now untill then, is “patience”. I never have fully understood untill now, what it means to exercise that virtue, but I am fast learning.

I am wondering just how the change that I know has taken place in the babies, will affect me. I can imagine how they have grown. And to think that my daughter can read and write and dance! Don't you hate to have them grow up dear? I'd give anything in the world to have them the same when I come back as when I left. They were so sweet. But I will love them and be so proud of their

development. They are wonderfully bright children both of them. Just like their father. Look like me too. Don't you think I am modest dear?

Well I must close now, I didn't get started till late this morning so can't write as much as I have before. I love you. God bless you all, my dear ones. I love you.

Daddy.

Ansel B. Smith Capt M.C.

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